

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATS IN OUR BACK YARD



I live in a brown-stone tenement,
With green shutters painted white.
There's a family of cats lives in the rear,
They play Pinafore every night,
They sing something about Maria,
And the times are very hard,
Oh ! they'll chew tobacco, and spit in your eye,
The cats in our back yard.

Tra-la-lee, tra-la-la,
For the cats in our back yard. (Repeat.)

They hold camp-meetings every night,
Have walking-matches on the fence,
I threw seventy bricks at a Thomas,
And he has never bothered me since.
They'll sing all night and sleep all day,
They ought to be feathered and tarred,
They are worse than Haverly's Minstrels,
Yes, the cats in our back yard.

Tra-la-lee, tra-la-la,
For the cats in our back yard. (Repeat.)

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